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## The Barber's Shop.

'Twas Saturday night, fix went the clock,  
Spruce was the barber's shop ;  
Wigs decorated every block,  
From scratch to Tyburn top ;  
Mambrino's helmet scour'd so bright,  
Smil'd to receive the fuds ;  
And labourer's flock'd to shave o'er night,  
To grace their Sunday's duds.  
Who each Saturday night,  
To get decent in plight,  
Gets shav'd, fit for church on Sunday,  
Of transgressions fore,  
To pay off the week's score,  
The better to sin on the Monday.

First come, first serv'd—neighbour Eelskin fit,  
You're summon'd to the chair ;  
The customers thicken, while round goes the wit,  
Above board and all fair :  
Well, Joe, and how does the world wag ?  
How's wife, and cats, and dogs ?  
Fairly, I thank thee, Master Spraggs.  
That's well—and how goes hogs ?  
Thus the laugh grows loud.  
'Mong the village crowd,  
Who get shav'd fit for the Sunday ;  
Of their transgressions fore,  
To pay off the week's score,  
The better to sin on the Monday.

Now nothing escapes—the tax-man they rate,  
They roast and baste the cook ;  
The butcher cut up, the fisherman bait,  
And the schoolmaster bring to book ;  
And many a random point they hit,  
To give their fallies birth,  
And make up what they want in wit  
By noise and vacant mirth.  
Thus the laugh grows loud,  
'Mong the village crowd,  
Who get shav'd fit for the Sunday,  
Of their transgressions fore,  
To pay off the week's score,  
The better to sin on the Monday.